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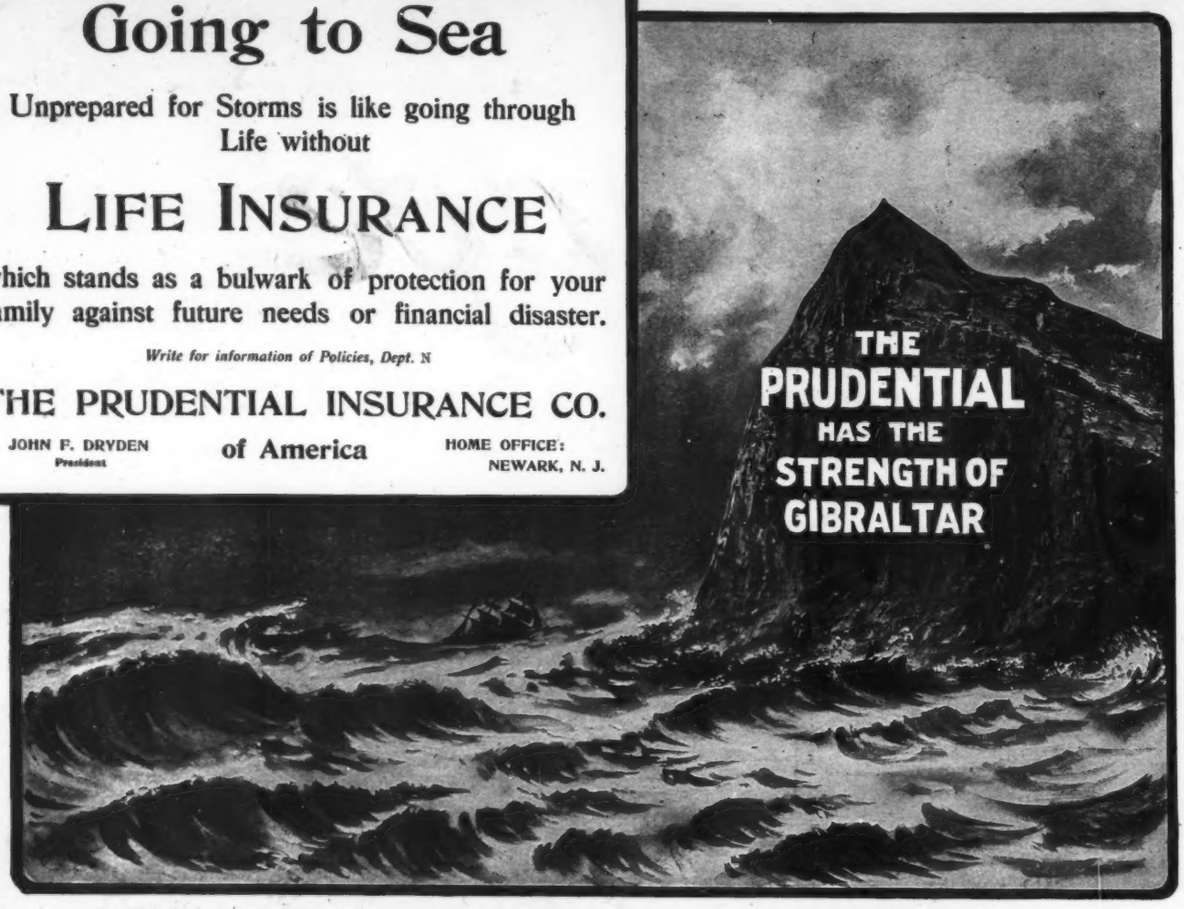

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VOL. 43 NO. 1102 NOVEMBER 29 1902 PRICE 10 CENTS

Judge

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A THANKSGIVING FOR THE SMALL DEALER.

Farmer Roosevelt—"This fat old gobbler will be the first to get it in the neck."

Judge

PUBLISHED WEEKLY
AT THE JUDGE BUILDING,
110 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

Terms to Subscribers.

UNITED STATES AND CANADA IN ADVANCE.
One copy, one year, or 52 numbers - - $5.00
One copy, six months, or 26 numbers - 2.50
One copy, for thirteen weeks - - - - 1.25
Including the CHRISTMAS JUDGE.

FOREIGN SUBSCRIPTIONS—To all foreign countries in the postal union, $6.00 a year.
WESTERN OFFICE—*828-829 Marquette Building, Chicago.*

EUROPEAN SALES-AGENTS—*International news company, Bream's building, Chancery lane, E. C., London, Brentano's, avenue de l'Opera, Paris; Saarbach's news exchange, Mainz, Germany.*

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WHEN HEARST goes to Washington officially it will certainly be a yellow-letter day for congress.

* * *

UP TO going to press it could not be ascertained that any giant mind had conceived the idea that football is simply a pig-skin game.

* * *

IT WOULD be enough to make all good folks thankful if every bone of contention in this world were as happy as is the Thanksgiving wish-bone contention.

* * *

SOME of the knowing ones who have always regarded old Uncle David B. Hill, politically, as a born genius are now beginning to regard him as belonging to the still-born variety.

* * *

PERHAPS the porcine mother cherishes the not too fond ambition that each of her little ones may supply the pig-skin for which the greatest intellectual giants may contend on the gridiron.

* * *

THE POSTMAN should be thankful to think that poultry cannot be sent by mail in this country, as in Germany. Otherwise his Thanksgiving would be such as to cause him to be thankful when it has departed.

THE OYSTER from the tossing sea,
The chestnut from the rustling tree,
Help out a noble plan
When they, responsive to the dirk,
Come oozing from the inner "turk,"
To gild the inner man.

* * *

LOOKED AT from a purely literary point of view, the great and uninterrupted volcanic eruption of books that flood the market might be appropriately called the thousand and one nightmares.

* * *

IF THE second joint may be considered a second joint in any sense other than anatomically, it is so close a second that it may always be successfully played for a place on the race-track of epicurean prestige and hilarity.

* * *

IT MAY be sentiment, or it may be economic discernment, or both, or neither, that prompts the Dorcas-club woman to trim the gobbler's carcass with strands of Japanese silk, that it may shine and win favor as an artistic card-receiver.

* * *

IT MAY sound like sacrilege to utter a syllable in disparagement of any part of the turkey, and yet we will venture to say that the consensus of opinion among boarding-house experts is that we should all be thankful that the gobbler's neck is not so long as that of the ostrich.

* * *

THE VARIOUS VIEWS of the Democrats on anything, from the tariff to anything else upon which they may entertain views, might be called, without fear of contradiction, the fallacious reasoning and the meritricious philosophy which are the pillars of strength that uphold the Democracy.

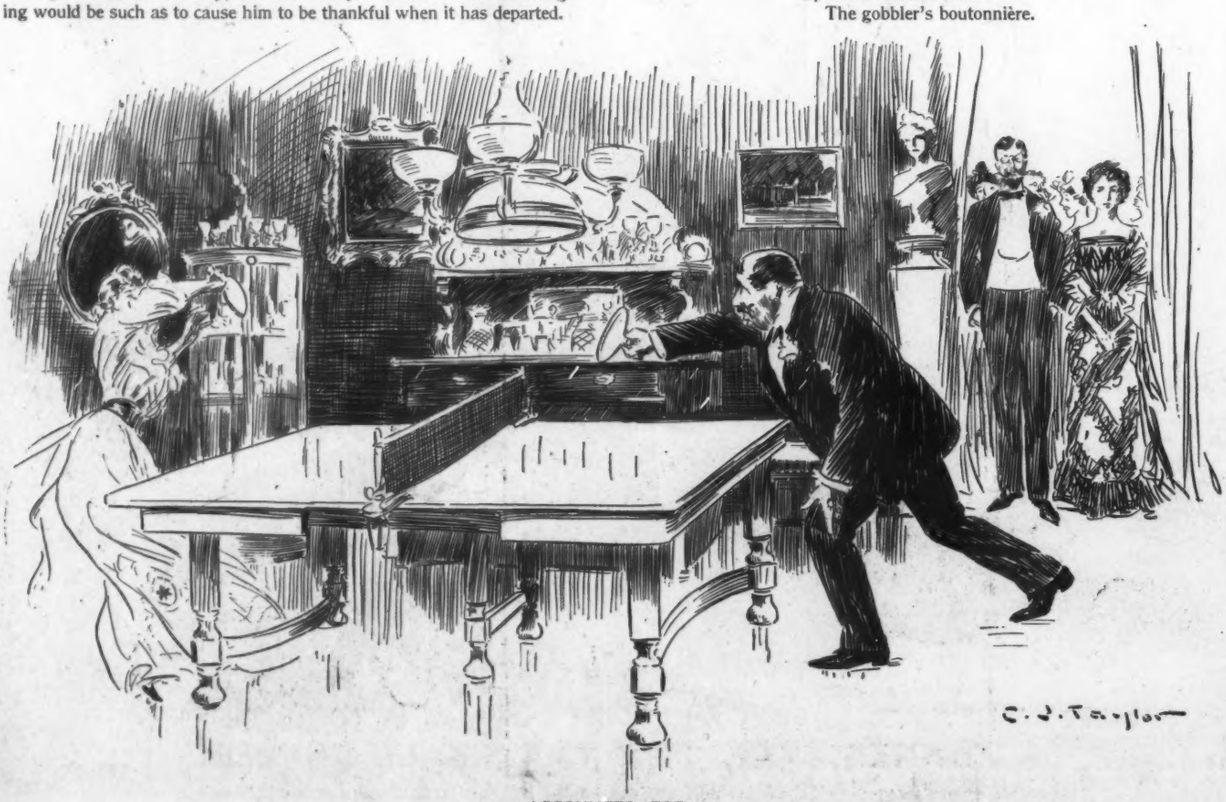
* * *

ALL EPICURES and lotos-eaters would do well to beware of the tobacco-trust cigar when it comes to that moment of supreme ecstasy that sees the Thanksgiving feast end in smoke. The post-prandial puff is always more harmonious when the weed is non-explosive. The smoker can never tell when the trust cigar is going to burst and gather his optic on the fly; and it may not be out of place to remark in passing that when his optic is out he will not find consolation enough to cheer him to any great extent in the refrigerated reflection that he did not know it was loaded.

* * *

MORE lovely is the rose
Than on the airy tree
That in so chaste repose
We rapturously see

A-swinging in a dream,
A jewel rich and rare,
Upon the market beam—
The gobbler's boutonnière.



ACCOUNTED FOR.

"What an enthusiastic advocate of ping-pong Mr. Smasher is!"
"Yes. He's a bric-a-brac dealer, you know."

IN THE MARKET.

"BY GRAVY!" exclaimed the potato, turning all his eyes in goo-goo style toward the celery. "I am about mashed on you."

"I don't like the looks of that pumpkin," observed the celery.

"He'll be crustier than that by to-morrow noon," declared the plums.

"Huh!" growled the pumpkin. "You'll be a pudding for some one by that time."

"Why doesn't the oyster say something?" asked the turkey. "He acts as if he were in the soup already."

"You oughtn't to talk that way," suggested the cranberry. "You'll soon get all the roasting you want."

"Look here!" clucked the turkey; "I don't want any sauce from you."

And then the marketman came back and pretty soon made them all feel cheap, for it was growing late.

DIDN'T LIKE TO CALL HER BETS OFF.

Ella—"Are you glad that Harvard beat Yale?"

Stella—"Well, I'm glad that somebody won. I always bet a kiss on the result, and twice there have been tie games."

INEXPERIENCED.

Mrs. Yearsly—"Mrs. Venbride thought she was going to save herself lots of trouble."

Mrs. Mustno—"What did she do?"

Mrs. Yearsly—"Bought a turkey two weeks before Thanksgiving and fed it with parsley and bread-crumbs."

IN THE LANGUAGE OF THE FLOWERS.

THE CHRYSANTHEMUM—"I wonder if any one ever stops to think of the fact that we go to the table three times every day, and yet we leave without ever getting a bite to eat."

IN GOOD CONDITION.

BILLY CENTREBUCKER (*the football player*)—"I kinder *thought* I felt something hit me."

THE THANKSGIVING MOON.

HOW beautiful it is to see
The lovely moon up in the sky!
It never fails to comfort me—
It looks just like a pumpkin pie.

A NEW FAD.

De Style—"What makes you think the Farrants are going to have a regular athletic Thanksgiving dinner?"

Gunbusta—"Why, they had their turkey killed with a golf-club and stuffed with ping-pong balls."

BY A BOARDING-HOUSE OMAR.

AND when the mistress cometh for my cash
Pray that in wrath I may not be too rash;
And, since the turkey long the board has graced,
Urge her, for heaven's sake, to stop the hash!

THE REASON.

Parson Goodman (receiving his Thanksgiving turkey)—"Doan' de tuhkeys seem mo' plentiful dis yeah, Mistah Johnsing?"

Mr. Johnson—"I doan' know as to dat, pahson; but de nights am sho'ly mo' proposishus."

NO. 18.—THE WONDERFUL DOINGS OF MARVELOUS THOMAS

"Now, ladies and gentlemen, here we have the Thanksgiving turkey-gobbler, and with the few additional touches we have——

——old Chief Turkeyclaw, who gobbled him up."

JUDGE'S FAVORITES.

ELLEN BURG.

The man who's bald and whiskered white
Observes you with a rare delight;

Renews his youth and fancies green,
And thinks he looks on Laura Keene,

Such is the charm and grace he sees
In all your airy witcheries.

THANKSGIVING.

MAN has seven ages,
Six, the turkey's group—
Roast, warmed-over, croquettes,
Hash, ragout and soup.

NOT VERY LIBERAL.

Mr. Chawder—"Mrs. Fry didn't give us a very extensive Thanksgiving dinner. There was scarcely anything between the soup and the pie."

Mr. Swallower—"Well, we all know that she does all she can to make ends meet."

A WARNING.

"ORDINARILY," says the man with the big whiskers, "I am a peaceful citizen." Here he draws a huge revolver from his pocket, places it beside his plate, and resumes, "But I intend that this shall be one Thanksgiving day when my placid reflections shall not be marred by some idiot who gets off that alleged bon-mot about Turkey, China and Greece."

At this the wit of the boarding-house was seen to tremble violently and to refuse a second helping of the dressing.

A SEASONABLE CONVERSATION.

"ARE you going to the farmer's coming dinner?"
Asked the duck
As on the barn-yard walk the turk he met.
"I'm afraid I am, unless I get some thinner—
Darn the luck!"
Said the turkey; "but he hasn't axed me yet."

OVERHEARD AT HUNTINGTON.

MR. BOTTLE—"Come on! Let 's run a race."
JUG OF MOLASSES—"Oh, no, thank you; I don't run well in cold weather."

AND THEN SHE FOUND IT.

"Why, James, you've only brought home one skate. Where's the other one?"
"Don' know, m'dear. You kin search me."

PAPA'S IDEA.

DAUGHTER—"Papa, mamma says birthday gifts are 'luxuries,' but I say they are 'necessities.' Now, what do *you* say they are?"
FATHER—"Me? Oh, I say they are *nuisances!*"

THANKSGIVING DREAMS.

"MISTAH DARKLEIGH," said Brother Snowball, "I hopes dat ef yo' dreams anything about tuhkeys dat yo'r dreams cum true."

"An', Mistah Snowball," was the polite rejoinder, "I hopes dat ef de tuhkeys has any nightmares erbout yo' dat de same cums true, too."

AN EXPERT.

"WELL," said the dish-washer to the new chef, "you certainly know how to stuff a turkey."

"I ought to," answered the new head of the penitentiary kitchen. "I was sent here for stuffing ballot-boxes."

PLAYED FOOTBALL WITH HIM.

Geraldine—"You are a baseball player, are you not?"

Gerald—"Yes; and I wish you'd mention it to your father."

Geraldine—"What for?"

Gerald—"He took me for a football player last night."

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JUST LIKE 'EM.

THE GIRLS—"Why don't you get married Christmas week?"
GLADYS—"Oh, I couldn't think of it! Most of my friends would be just mean enough to make one present answer for both occasions."

A THANKSGIVING PARADOX.

I'M thankful I have no crutch nor cane,
No ear-trumpet at my ear;
I'm exceedingly glad that I am not dumb,
And that old age is not near.
I rejoice that I have no mortal ill,
No bodily ache nor pain;
No burden of unrequited love,
Nor hope that must hope in vain.
Yes, I am indeed a thankful man;
But you will observe that I'm not
Returning thanks for the things I have,
But—for the things I have not.

MADELINE BRIDGES.

VERY PROBABLE.

"WHAT are the probabilities for to-morrow?" asked the star-boarder of the drug-clerk, who was looking over the paper.

The drug-clerk turned to the weather-page and, seemingly unconscious that the landlady was behind him, read, "For to-morrow and Saturday hash, followed by turkey-soup and croquettes."

ENTERPRISING MAN.

"I TELL you," said Mr. Fadoogus, "our grocer is a shrewd fellow. He is always on the lookout for schemes that will bring trade his way."

"He must be successful," said Mr. Wunder.

"You bet he is! Why, he has the biggest rush right now on mince-meat that you ever saw. He is giving away a box of pepsin pills with each pound of it."

MATRONLY WARNING.

"THE farmer," said the young turkey, "seems to be very fond of me. He throws the choicest morsels of corn to me every day, and in many ways shows his admiration for me."

"Well," advised the old turkey, "I wouldn't let it go on if I were you. You are apt to lose your head over it."

AS BAD AS EVER.

JOE PEASLY—"How's yer boy Albert gittin' on down tew th' city?"

UNCLE EZRA—"Oh, Al 's jes th' same harum-scarum. I did hope when he give up bein' a cowboy in Dakoty an' went east fer tew study in thet art-school thet he'd behave hisself."

JOE PEASLY—"Whut's th' boy up tew now?"

UNCLE EZRA—"Oh, th' blame rascal writes thet he's goin' tew serve on a hangin'-committee."

A MOURNFUL FINISH.

THERE was excitement in the hen-house. The turkey on the top roost gobbled himself hoarse with frenzy, and every other hen in the establishment cackled like a punctured tire.

"Young Fatten Fluffy was monkeying around in the yard," exclaimed the messenger who had just arrived, "and met the boss with a large hatchet."

"And how did he behave himself?" asked the flurried chorus.

"Oh," said the messenger, "he lost his head completely."

FROZEN-DOG MERCY.

TOURIST—"Did you temper justice with mercy when you caught that horse-thief?"
BRONCO BILL—"Bettcher life! Th' boys chipped in nearly four dollars fer his widder."

THE DIFFERENCE.

WHEN Mary is dressed all in her best
The youngsters say she's dressed to kill;
But a turkey is best when killed to be dressed,
And that's a saying stranger still.

WHERE HIS MIND WAS.

Professor Knowitt—"William, please give me a sentence showing the difference in meaning between sufficient and enough."

William—"To-morrow I'll have sufficient turkey, but I won't have enough."

TRULY THANKFUL.

THE creature who is thankfulest
And finds the world most bright
Is that old turkey who may press
The roost Thanksgiving night.

First boy—"We had the minister for dinner yesterday."

Second boy—"We had a turkey."

AN OVERSIGHT.

"MY DEAR," said Mrs. Bloograss to her husband, "I want you to invite your bachelor friends to eat Thanksgiving dinner with us."

"I shall be glad to do," said Mr. Bloograss, "and no doubt they will one and all be delighted to come. But you know the old boys, and how they all have a constant desire to return some of our hospitality. They say it embarrasses them to be constantly invited to dinners with us and never given a chance to reciprocate."

"I have it!" exclaimed the lady. "Why not suggest to each of them that he bring a small contribution to the dinner in the shape of one of the ingredients for the pumpkin pie? We will call it a partnership pie, for they shall furnish the materials, while I will go into the kitchen and bake it."

A HARD PROBLEM.

TOMMY ROT—"I'm hungry, all right enough; but ter walk up ter dat door between dem two rows uv cord-wood is more dan me nerves kin stand."

Mr. Bloograss said this was just the thing, and sat down and wrote the invitations, urging each of the old boys to be sure and come, and outlined the pie scheme in detail.

Major Goar was the first to arrive on Thanksgiving day. He paid his choicest compliments to the hostess, and then drew from his pocket a long, dark flask, with the remark,

"My deah lady, hyuh is some o' the fines' brandy that evah touched the lips o' man. It is an heirloom in my family, and I assuah yo' that it would nevah go out o' the family's keeping except on an occasion such as this. It is a vital part o' the pumpkin pie."

Mrs. Bloograss thanked him in her happiest manner, and just then Colonel Hosstrott came in. He carried a package which he unwrapped with great solemnity, disclosing a bottle of brandy.

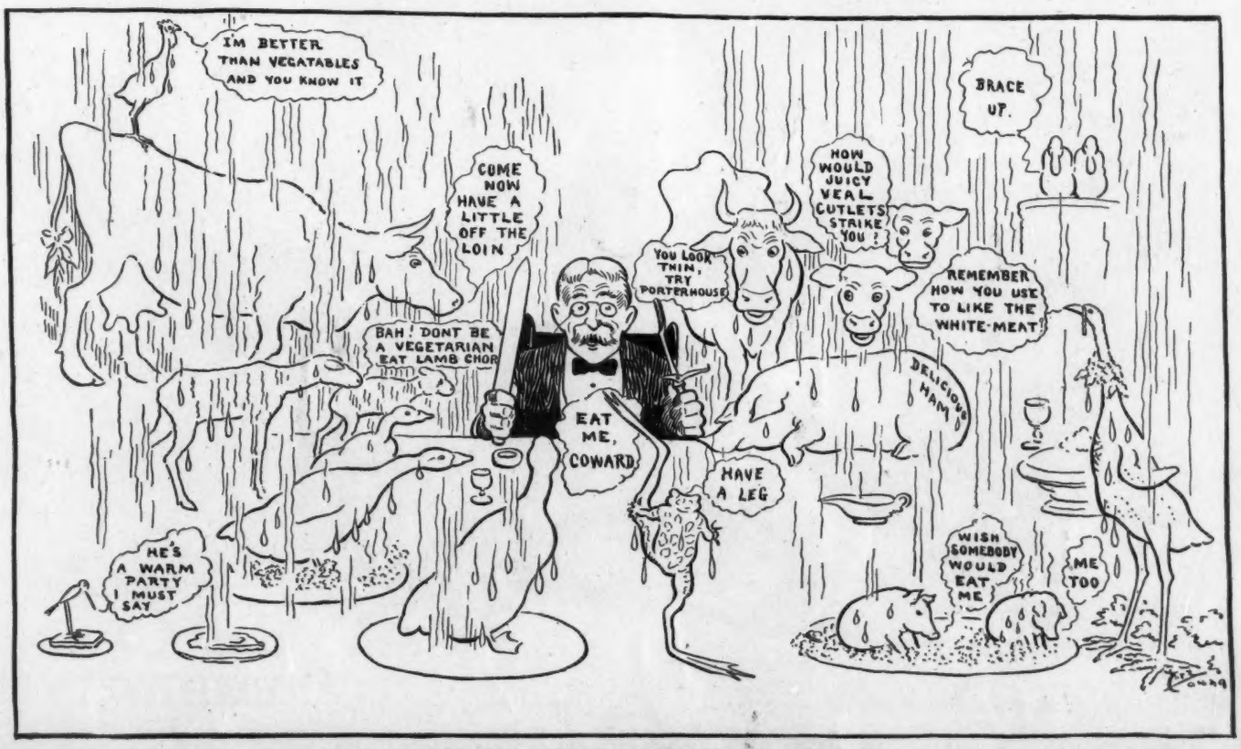
"My contribution for the pie," he said. "A bottle of the richest brandy that ever was seen in the grand old state of Kentucky. It will drive the skeleton from the feast and paint pictures on the brain of man when it comes to us in the guise of that pumpkin pie which is to be formed by the fair hands of our charming hostess."

Mrs. Bloograss thanked the colonel very effusively. Old General Thundah was the next arrival.

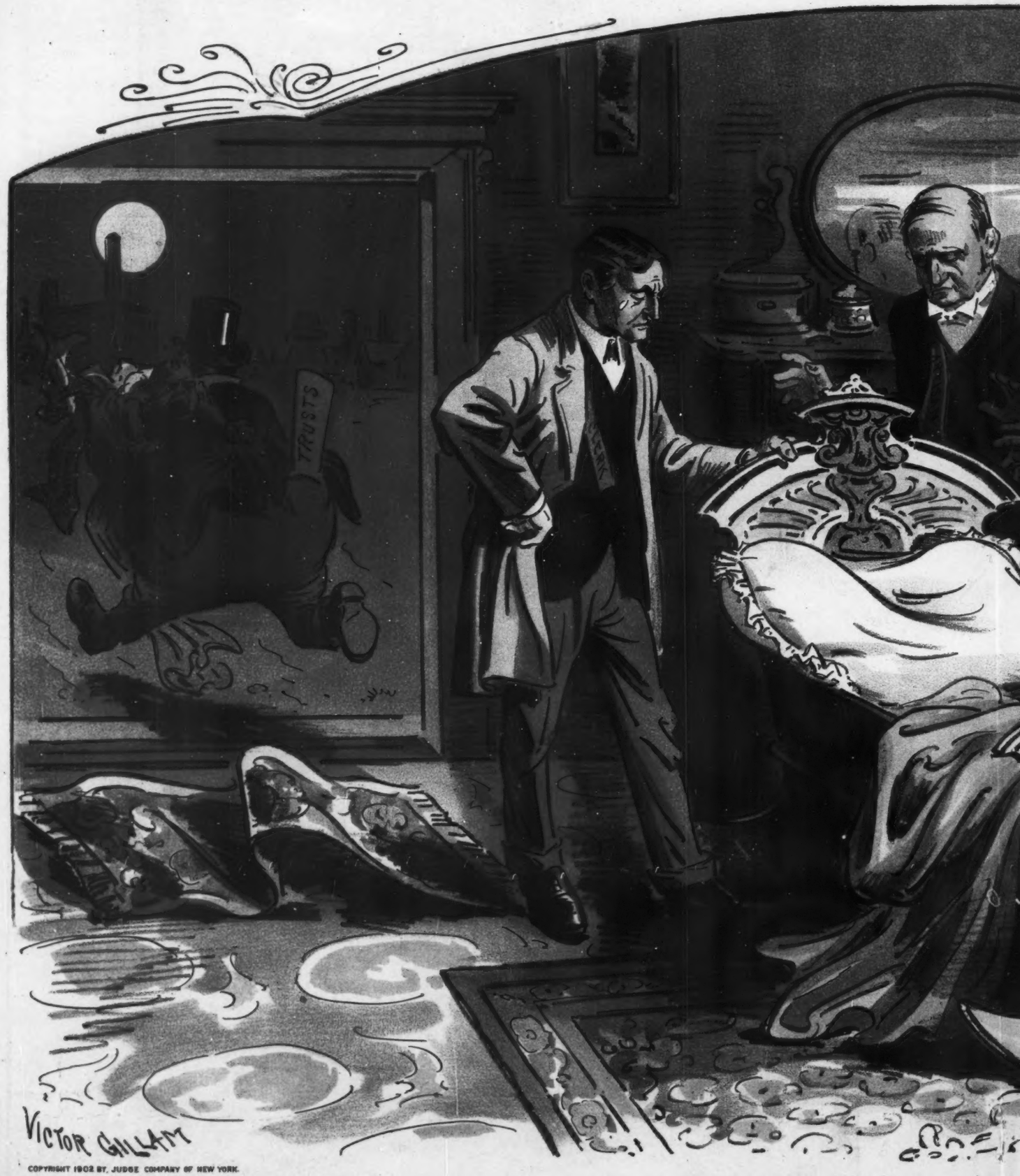
"Hyuh I am!" he cried, "an' hyuh's my paht o' the great an' only pie—a pint o' the grandest brandy that evah coursed its happy way adown the delighted throat of a true Kentuckian. It is paht o' a quantity o' the liquor that has been cherished in mah family since mah father was a child. On none but an occasion such as this would a drop o' it be puhmitted to be tasted by an outsidah."

Before Mrs. Bloograss could think of something to say to him in came Captain Shootser and Judge Sorghum, each bearing carefully a neatly-tied parcel. They began in unison, "Here is some of the finest brandy that ever"—— Then they stopped. They looked at the three bottles which already stood upon the table; they looked at Mrs. Bloograss; they looked at each other. A deep and impressive silence fell upon them all. It was broken by the general, who remarked,

"Gentlemen, I move that a committee of five be appointed to go out an' forage fo' a pumpkin."



THE VEGETARIAN'S THANKSGIVING DREAM.



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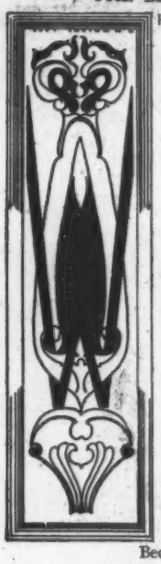
"EMPTY IS THE CRAD

Sackett & Wilhelms Litho. & Ptg Co. New York.

RADLE! BABY 'S GONE!"

THE BIRD THAT BEATS THE EAGLE.



WHAT makes the turkey-gobbler strut,
What makes him drag his wings,
As he goes out on dress-parade
For corn and worms and things?

Why does he gobble all day long?
What makes his gills so red?
Why does he look like some big boss
And carry high his head?

Because he knows the president
Intends to have him call,
And ev'ry gov'nor in the land
Will want him late this fall.

Beef may be high, the coal-bin dry,
And plum-duff hard to get;
But ev'rybody 's bound to have
Some turkey brown, you bet!

The eagle gets right off his perch,
And with his handker-chief
From his gaunt talons wipes the tears
He drops in all his grief.

Because he knows that he's not "it";
For ninety days he's mud—
A "has-been" and an "also-ran,"
Likewise a d. s. thud.

The turkey drives the eagle off
Old Freedom's mountain height
And gilds with gustatory gold
The broad-gauge appetite.

A PREDICAMENT.

TIRED TOMMIE—"De question is, would it be safer to yank him loose or leave him there."

SMALL CHOICE.

FATHER had carved the turkey and had given the drum-sticks to two of the children, the thighs to two more, the wings to his old-maid sisters, the white meat to mother and some of the other guests, the back to Uncle Bill, who took what he could get and murmured not, like a true philosopher; then father looked at the platter and mused, "The situation grows desperate." He turned the remnants over and over and went on, "It seems to be neck or nothing with me."

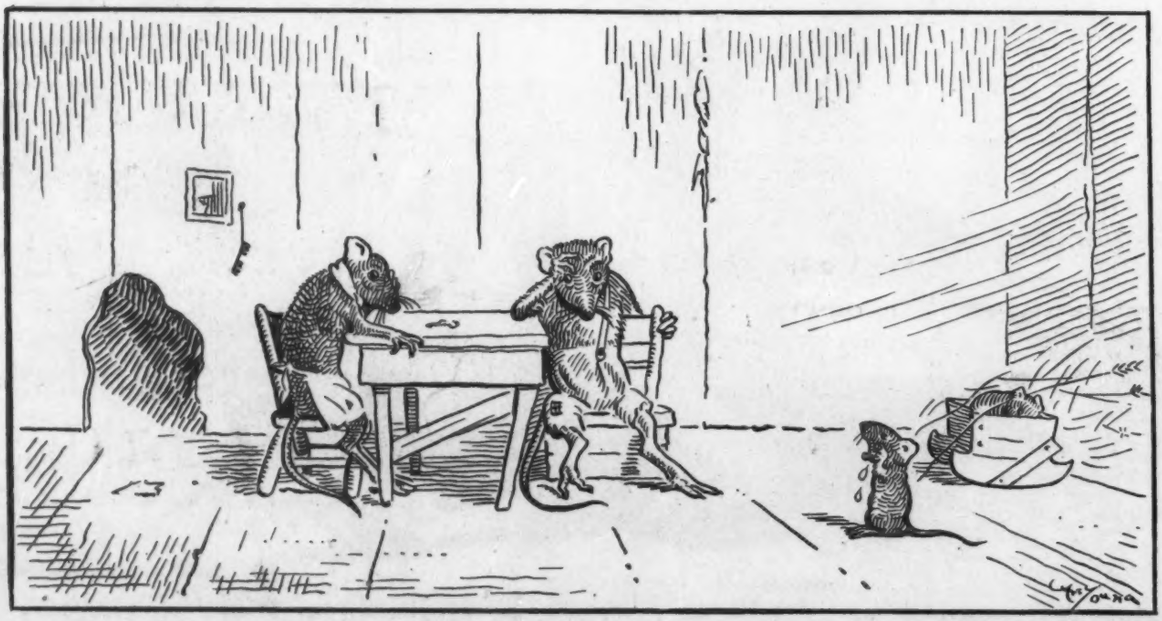
IT'S SNOW FUN. (DAT'S RIGHT.)

NOVEMBER.

THE melancholy days have come,
The flowers fade away;
The crickets upward turn their toes,
And early dies the day.

The mourning turkeys now are led
To death, and worse, perhaps;
The partridges, with muffled drums,
Are sadly sounding taps.

MC LANDBURGH WILSON.



THE ONLY RELIEF.

MR. MOUSE—"Maud, it's one of two things—either starve in this poverty-stricken church-basement, or go over to that new Christian-science church, where all you have to do is to imagine you're not hungry."

POPULAR SONG OF THE DAY.

A young man stood before his home,
He came to say good-bye;
He pressed his hand against his brow
And slowly wiped his eye.
His trunk was packed and he must leave
For a city far away.
He raised his hat and called farewell,
And then to his old mother he did say:

CHORUS.

Do not take the doorknob from the door!
Leave it there to greet me as of yore.
Often in the snow and sleet
Of my old home I will weep!
Do not take the doorknob from the door.

His mother stood before the house
And saw his footsteps go,
She sobbed alone in her sad grief
That mothers only know.
And through eternity she heard
Her son so blithe and gay
Call as he did on that dread morn
When unto his old mother he did say:

CHORUS.

(With much feeling and expression.)

Do not take the doorknob from the door!
Leave it there to greet me as of yore.
In the summer's heat and rain
It may be that I will came
If you do not take the doorknob from the door.

—*Baltimore American.*

Bitters that benefit mind and body: Abbott's—The Original Angostura, build up wasted tissue, brighten up the mental, and make new men and women.

Towne—"Bragg seems to be a charitable fellow, after all. He was telling me that a poor woman stopped him on the street yesterday and told him tearfully that her children were almost perishing with cold, and she had nothing to make a fire with. He says he attended to her wants immediately."

Browne—"Yes, I saw that act of kindness. He gave her a match."—*Philadelphia Press.*

A youngster had been to the theatre, and upon his return his uncle asked him how he liked the play.

"Oh," he replied, "the play was all right, but I didn't see nearly all of it."

"Why, how did that happen?" asked his uncle.

"Because," answered the youngster, "the roller must have been broke, for the window blind fell down two or three times."—*Chums.*

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is pure, mild, invigorating and antiseptic. It soothes while cleansing, and for more than a quarter of a century has been The Standard

For the Hair and Skin

The Packer Mfg. Co., 81-83 Fulton St., New York.

"Hurrah!" yelled the sovereign people as they surged around the speaker's stand.

"Do you cheer because you agree with the speaker's views?" I asked of a rather smallish sovereign, who could not push his way into the thick.

"Not at all," he replied with dignity, "but because he agrees with us."

Sovereigns, I then recalled, were always jealous of their prerogatives.—*Indianapolis News.*

"I wonder if Lucy is engaged to that young man who calls on her so often?" asked the gossipy neighbor.

"I don't know," said the other gossipy neighbor, "but I doubt it. I understand he writes for a comic paper and heads his column 'Nothing Serious.'"—*Buffalo Express.*

The universal favor with which the Sohmer Piano is meeting is the result of its tone and structure, which are not excelled by any in the world.

In his Milwaukee speech Senator Spooner said of President Roosevelt: "He thinks straight, he talks straight, he acts straight, he shoots straight, and he is straight." Not a bad description.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Once you try it you'll keep on buying it.

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Blankets.

French, Austrian, and California Blankets.
Lambs' Wool and Down Comfortables.

Broadway & 19th St.
NEW YORK.

George III. had just been informed of the British loss at Trenton.

"At any rate," he remarked, "that fellow Washington has ruined the American wheat-crop."

"How so, your majesty?" inquired an unwary courtier.

"Because," snarled the savage monarch, "he made the Hessian fly."—*New York Times.*

Small Ned, hearing a number of frogs in a pond making a hideous noise, exclaimed, "My goodness, but the froggies must sleep awful sound!"

"Why do you think so?" asked his mother.

"'Cause they snore so loud," replied Ned.—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

"Dat were a very excitin' jackpot I won las' night on a bluff," said Mr. Erastus Pinkly as he tilted his cigar and dropped his hat over his eye.

"Did you raise de opener?" asked Mr. James Colliflower.

"No, sah; I opened a razor."—*Washington Star.*

MORE FUN, MORE JUSTICE THAN IN ANY OTHER BOOK PUBLISHED. 40,000 ALREADY SOLD.

THE AMERICAN INVASION, NOT SATISFIED WITH SWEEPING STRENUOUSLY THROUGHOUT EUROPE, HAS AT LAST REACHED HELL.

Through Hell With Hiprah Hunt.

BY Young

DANTE consigned to eternal torment those criminals who on earth were punished by man-made laws. It remained for HIPRAH HUNT, the daring American, to explore "The New Hell," where American enterprise and inventive genius have triumphed, and fitting punishment is meted out to the sinners whom our courts of law failed to reach. For sale at all book shops or sent postpaid for $1.50. Address

Zimmerman's, Publishers, 156 Fifth Ave., New York.

"Now, then, children," said the teacher, who had been commenting upon polar expeditions, "who can tell me what fierce animals inhabit the regions of the north pole?"

"Polecats," shouted the boy at the foot of the class.—*Philadelphia Press.*

"There is nothing," said the aggressive temperance advocate sharply, "like cold water."

"Thank goodness, there isn't!" mildly replied the genial Kentuckian.—*Washington Times.*

"I love you," Mr. Polk stammered. "I've been trying to say this to you for months. I know I have been slow, but oh! I hope I am not too late."

"You will be, I'm afraid, if you don't start now. I hear papa coming down stairs."—*Philadelphia Press.*

CHARTREUSE

—GREEN AND YELLOW—

THE OLDEST KNOWN AND FINEST OF ALL CORDIALS

FOR 300 YEARS IT HAS BEEN MANUFACTURED BY THE CARTHUSIAN MONKS OF FRANCE IN THE SAME WAY

A GLASS AFTER DINNER IS A WONDERFUL AID TO DIGESTION

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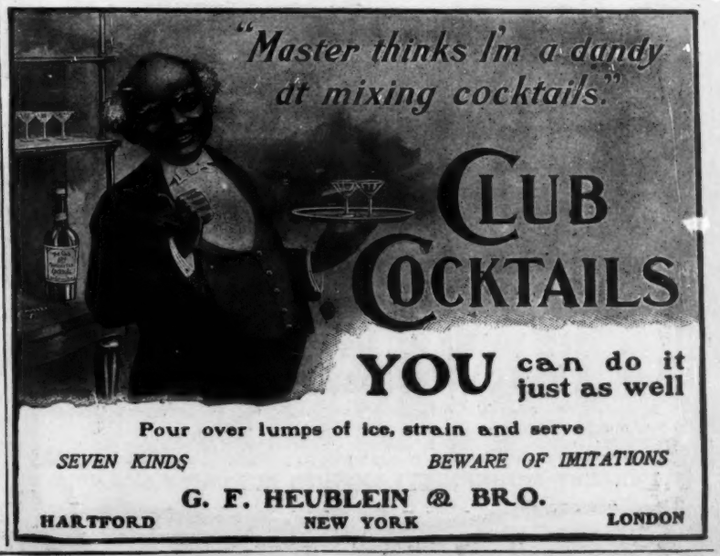

CHICAGO AND WEST—LAKE SHORE LIMITED—The New York Central.

THE
Finest American Champagne

Grand Imperial Sec and Brut

has no equal for *Purity and Excellence*, and is used in many of the best *Hotels, Homes and Clubs* in preference to foreign vintages.

A trial case will convince you.

For sale and recommended by all leading grocers and wine merchants everywhere.

Highest Award Chicago, Paris and Pan-American.

Write for Booklet.

Germania Wine Cellars
Hammondsport and Rheims, N. Y.

"His reading has been wide, has it not?"

"Oh, very. He has just finished 'Christopher North,' 'Caleb West,' 'Dorothy South,' and is now on 'East Lynne.'"

WHITMAN'S Chocolates and Confections

Don't miss all of the sweet things of life. Try a box of WHITMAN'S.

For sale everywhere.
Whitman's Instantaneous Chocolate. Made in a minute with boiling milk.
STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON,
1316 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

We have received from Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. (Boston and New York), "Grimm Tales Made Gay," by Guy Wetmore Carryl with many illustrations by Albert Levering. Any one who has read and enjoyed Barham's "Ingoldsby Legends" and Gilbert's "Bab Ballads" will find a source of endless amusement and entertainment in this book, which is a rare contribution to American humorous verse. The tales of the brothers Grimm are handled in a way which would cause those famous romancers to remove their tiles and salaam graciously and gracefully to Mr. Carryl and to Mr. Levering, both of whom have caught the spirit of the original tales on the fly. The verses are ingenious in construction and in handling, and are in many metres. The illustrations are also out of the ordinary, and leave nothing to be desired in the matter of humor and general artistic effect.

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Places Commended by JUDGE

Cafe des Beaux Arts — Specialties, Alc.; Tdh. $1.50; two orchestras. 80 West 40th, Bryant Park South.
Cafe Boulevard — Alc. Tdh. Hungarian Gypsy Band. 2d Av. and 10th St.
Jack's — 43d St. and 6th Av. 74th and Columbus. Noted for shell fish and game.
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Hotel Hungaria — 4 Union Sq. E. Tdh. Luncheon, 50c. Dinner, 75c. (with wine $1).
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EASY HOME CURE, PAINLESS, PERMANENT. We will send anyone addicted to OPIUM, MORPHINE, LAUDANUM or any other drug habit, a TRIAL TREATMENT, FREE OF CHARGE, of the most remarkable remedy ever discovered. Containing GREAT VITAL PRINCIPLE heretofore unknown. REFRACTORY CASES solicited. Confidential correspondence invited from all, especially PHYSICIANS. ST. JAMES SOCIETY SUITE 2800, 1181 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

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FASTEST MODERN STEAMSHIPS & FINEST SERVICE

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WILSON WHISKEY.
That's All!

THE WILSON DISTILLING CO.,
Baltimore, Md.

A GOOD JOB.

"Harold, do you suppose it's genuine?"
"Well, it comes pretty near looking like what it's cracked up to be."

Natural Whiskey

BOTTLED IN BOND

Bottled under Government supervision direct from the barrel at the Distillery with its natural flavor, nothing added to or taken from it.

Old Overholt Rye

The Act of Congress, March 3, 1897, provides that date of making and of bottling whiskey shall be plainly printed on the Government Stamp that seals the bottle. It also prohibits bottling whiskey less than four years old and provides that all bottles must be full measure.

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AMERICA'S BEST

CHAMPAGNE.

"SPECIAL DRY." "BRUT."

"GOLD SEAL" is made by the French process from the choicest grapes grown in our own vineyards, excels any other American wine and equals any imported.

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"GOLD SEAL" is sold everywhere and served at all leading clubs and cafés.

SARAH BERNHARDT says: I find the Urbana Wine Co.'s "GOLD SEAL" CHAMPAGNE excellent; in fact, superior to many French Champagnes. It surprises me that such a fine wine can be produced in America.

Urbana Wine Co.,

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ATLANTIC RYE WHISKEY

10 YEARS OLD

4 FULL QUARTS $3.15 OR 8 QUARTS 8-YEAR-OLD $5.00

Express Charges Prepaid. Satisfaction or Money Back.

FREE 2 Samples—Glass and Corkscrew with every order.

THE ATLANTIC & PACIFIC DIST'G CO.

1472 Genesee St. KANSAS CITY, MO.

The Leviberg Cigar Company, of 43 Fulton street, New York, is unlimited both as regards liability and quality of goods. Jac. Leviberg, the grand mogul of this cigar company, is supplying the public with a weed that lulls the smoker into pleasant dreams that are never of the pipe variety. His Havana cigars are of the finest quality, and give forth a perfume that is Araby-the-blest on the half shell. The truth of this statement is proved beyond all cavil and peradventure by the eighteen-karat golden fact that the Leviberg Cigar Company pays its dividends regularly in the imperial nickel-plated shekels of the realm, and that it lives, flourishes and prospers on the merits of its goods, which are always of the highest grade and make. This fact is gracefully acknowledged by all discriminating and appreciative smokers, which great body would certainly include the Sultan of Turkey, if that festive autocrat lived and had his being in the region of 43 Fulton street, New York city. Mr. Leviberg is the Pooh-bah of this company, as he is its president, secretary and treasurer, managing director and salesman. It is no wonder that he knows the business from filler to wrapper so thoroughly that his store is a sort of wayside shrine for all sorts and conditions of smokers. The Leviberg Cigar Company is also nothing less than a trust unto itself, as it does business for the good of its patrons, and is an enemy of all trusts that do not.

MR. SATAN'S WAYS.

Satan got de ways dat fool—
Ring in fum de steeple!—
Dar's one devil in de mule,
'Nuther in de people!

Watch out, believers,
Look behin'—befo'!
W'en you see 'im comin',
Chillun, bar de do'!

W'en you in de meetin'-house,
Fer de sarmont waitin',
Spick en span, en book in han',
Here come Kunnel Satan!

Watch out, believers,
Look behin'—befo'!
W'en you see 'im comin',
Lock en bolt de do'!

He sing de benediction song
Wid all de saints in clover,
Den ride de lightnin' laik a hoss,
En knock de steeple over!

Watch out, believers,
Look behin'—befo'!
Ever' day he on de way;
Better bar de do'!
—*Atlanta Constitution.*

"But," inquired the bright and good-looking young woman, "haven't you any pursuit that you follow for the simple love of it in the hours when you are not at your office?"

The great and powerful organizer of trusts stood for a moment abashed by the simple candor of a young girl. Then a ray of inspiration swept over his countenance, and he answered,

"Oh, yes; I am a coin collector."—*Washington Star.*

GOOD ADVICE.

Laugh your troubles all away—
Ha! ha!
Don't be sad, but always gay—
Ha! ha!
Think of every funny joke;
Laugh until you almost choke;
And your sides feel like they're broke—
Ha! ha!

Take a lesson from the clown—
Ha! ha!
Cut out every sigh and frown—
Ha! ha!
There's no sense in dread or fear;
A grin is better than a tear;
Get what's coming to you here—
Ha! ha!
—*Baltimore American.*

"Do you think it is polite," said the foolish stranger in Crimson Gulch, "for a man to sit in his shirt-sleeves and play cards all day?"

"Yes, sir," answered Three-Finger Sam; "and maybe it'll be for your own good to remind you that the fewer sleeves a man has on when he plays cards around here the less liable he is to fall under suspicion."—*Washington Star.*

"Soldiers of France," exclaimed Napoleon, "from yonder pyramids forty centuries look down upon you!"

"Forty cents!" exclaimed a soldier who was hard of hearing. "Well, we'll make them look like thirty cents before we're through!"

Whereupon the battle thickened, and the man of destiny dined that night on French Cheops."—*New York Tribune.*

Pears'

soap does nothing but cleanse, it has no medical properties; for the color of health and health itself use Pears'. Give it time.

Sold all over the world.

"Mr. Jones," began old Skinflint, the boss, as he cleared his throat, "you have been in my employ just twenty years to-day, and have proven a good and faithful servant. I propose to make you substantial recognition of your fidelity. Here is a picture of myself as a present."

"Thanks. It's just like you," muttered Jones as he accepted the valuable gift.—*Baltimore American.*

Father—"Johnny, I see your little brother has the smaller apple. Did you give him his choice, as I suggested?"

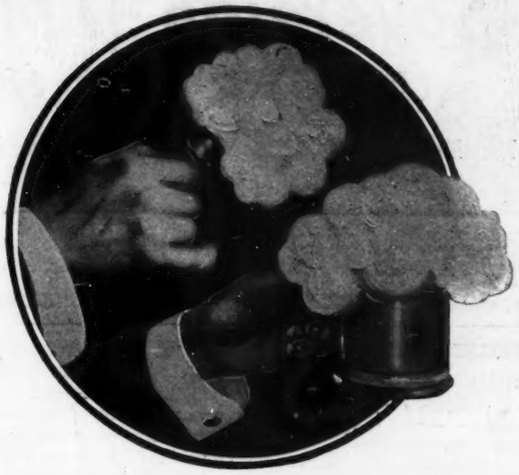
Johnny—"Yes, father; I told him he could have his choice—the little one or none—and he took the little one."—*Chums.*

Tess—"Mr. Slokoche is just too hateful. He tried to kiss me last night and"——

Jess—"Gracious! What did you do?"

Tess—"I cried, 'Don't! Stop!' and the slow thing didn't take the hint, but stopped."—*Philadelphia Press.*

WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAP



"BUILT UP HIS TRADE."

"As a barber of many years' experience, I have used all kinds of Shaving Soaps—the cheap as well as the high priced—and have never found any soap to compare with Williams', for it is as near perfection as can be made. The lather is not full of air bubbles, but is rich, heavy and creamy, and I have found from actual test that there are from fifteen to twenty more shaves in a cake of Williams' Soap than in any other soap. Williams' Soap has done more to build up and hold my trade than any other toilet article which has ever been used in my shop. I feel it my duty to tell all barbers that Williams' is the only soap that will please all classes of customers."

T. H. TEDRICK, Wintersett, Ohio.

Williams' Shaving Soaps are used by all first-class barbers and are for sale all over the world.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., Glastonbury, Conn.

Depots: London, Paris, Dresden, Sydney.

FINE-BLOODED Cattle, Sheep, Hogs, Poultry, Sporting Dogs. Send stamps for catalogues. 150 engravings. N. P. BOYER & Co., Coatesville, Pa.

"So the merry-go-round was not a success in the wild and woolly West?"

"Well, not so's you could notice it. Them howlin' bronco-busters couldn't help gittin' excited an' shootin' the organ full o' discords."—*Baltimore News.*

"Now yo' jess take s'posin' er tuhkey," said Charcoal Eph, in a mood for conundrums, "an' er coon, an' dey ain' no padlock on de doah, an' hit's er dahk night; what's de answer, Mistah Jackson?"—*Baltimore News.*

A NEW GEM in Beauty and Brilliancy, equals the Diamond in every way at one-twentieth its cost. Solid Gold settings. Catalogue free. Goods sent prepaid for examination. Theo. B. Field & Co., 649 Wells Street, Chicago, Illinois.

Teacher—"You say that heat expands and cold contracts most substances. Give an illustration, please."

Smart pupil—"We have the longest days in summer and the shortest in winter."—*Boston Transcript.*

"A Genuine Old Brandy made from Wine."
—*Medical Press (London), Aug., 1899.*

MARTELL'S THREE STAR BRANDY

AT ALL BARS and RESTAURANTS.

PEARL WEDDING RYE

EXTRA SPECIAL

Presents a Fascinating Triumvirate of **Body, Bouquet** and **Palatableness.**

TAX the TRUST and SMOKE

Sovereign
CIGARETTES
The Most Popular Brand on the Market.

Mellowleaf
SMOKING TOBACCO
Pure Virginia—Same as used in the Time of George Washington.

Pall Mall
LONDON CIGARETTES
The Highest-Class Turkish Cigarette Made.

UNIVERSAL TOBACCO COMPANY 697 Greenwich Street NEW YORK

MR. TELLIT ON HIGHER EDUCATION.

"IT IS positively astonishing," declared Mr. Tellit, who had his nose buried in the paper.

"What is?" asked Mrs. Tellit, who was embroidering red forget-me-nots on a sofa-pillow.

"Why, this statement in the paper!"

"What? That advertisement that Ickleheimer & Murphy will sell sixteen yards of baby ribbon for six cents from nine-thirty to ten o'clock to-morrow morning?"

"Ugh!" was the only response from Mr. Tellit.

"Well, then, is it that announcement that Smoothe & Slique are going to have their annual fire sale next Tuesday?"

"No; and it isn't that one about 'Wanted—Well-educated lady with light hair and ten thousand dollars to correspond with A. B. C., this office. Object, matrimony,'" snorted Mr. Tellit. "Don't you know what is in the papers?"

"Why, I'm sure I read the paper all through before you came home this evening, and I am going down town in the morning to get"——

"Huh! Do you have an idea that all the papers are printed for is to let some fool woman know that she can get two cans of sorry tomatoes for eight cents and a bale of cotton batting for three cents and a sway-backed chair for eight dollars and ninety-nine cents?"

"Well, of course, there are other things in them."

"Other things! Sure! One or two other things, at the least count. For instance, they have the weather report, so that a certain class of bargain-hunting humanity may know enough to come in when it rains, without having to be lassoed and dragged to shelter."

Mr. Tellit glared at the paper vindictively and heaved a wrathful sigh.

"Dear me!" murmured Mrs. Tellit, "you need not grow so excited about it. What is it that moves you so, any way?"

"Here it is," said Mr. Tellit, as he jabbed his finger against the paper. "Here it is. It says that the students at Harvard university are to be permitted to have a kommers whenever they desire."

"A kommers? What is that? Do they sew it on their gowns?"

"Sew it on——! Good heavens, woman! Does your mind never rise above special sales and the sewing machine? A kommers isn't to be worn. It is to be had. It is a—a—dodgast it, it isn't anything! It's just like a lawn fete, only it isn't one. They have a keg of beer and a few duels, and they sing 'Im Tiefen Keller' until the fellow who can hit the lowest note oftenest within a given time gets the first prize. That's what a kommers is. Do you understand?"

"Yes, but I don't see what"——

"Of course you don't see. You can't see anything unless it has a marked-down price tag on it, and you have my week's wages in your hand. You can't see! Here we are sending our sons to college to get higher education, and to learn all about the inside workings of geometry, and who built the pyramids, and what causes the tides, and how to handle logarithms without gloves; and they have been coming home loaded up with fool college yells and football hair and the choruses of college songs. And now they are to have kommerses—if that's the plural. It's a fine thing, Mrs. Tellit, a fine thing! We might just as well send our sons to the saloon around the corner and save travel expenses and board-bills for them. It's a great idea! Huh!"

"But, my dear," meekly protested Mrs. Tellit, "I'm not to blame for it, and besides, we haven't any sons to send to college."

But Mr. Tellit merely sniffed "Huh!" and began reading about the Nicaragua canal. W. D. NESBIT.

Pabst New Malt Beer

Made by a new malting process, in a new malt-house, under absolutely perfect conditions.

Our malting process requires eight days at an increased cost of 20 per cent over other methods of four and five days.

The better the malt the better the beer.

"George bet me a pair of gloves on the election."

"Which way did you bet?"

"I really don't know. I just know that I get the gloves either way."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

"So Ambishious has achieved fame, has he?" asked the philosopher.

"He has," replied the cheerful chap. "Brilliant things said by other men are now credited to him."—*Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.*

'Tis well to hope that we may get
Our wishes realized, and yet
The folks who simply sit and wish
Are not the ones who catch the fish.
—*Philadelphia Record.*

The husband (during the quarrel)—"You're always making bargains. Was there ever a time when you didn't?"

The wife—"Yes, sir; on my wedding day."—*Tit-Bits.*

"Oh, John!" exclaimed the proud mother as her husband came wearily up the front steps, "baby is beginning to walk!"

"Good!" ejaculated the midnight martyr. "Now he can do his own floor-walking at night."—*Chicago News.*

Passenger—"I don't see why you fellows can't call out the stations plainer."

Guard—"My dear sir, we are train guards, not trained elocutionists."—*Chicago News.*

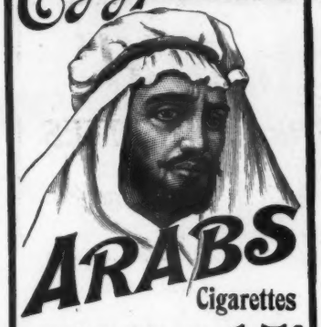
"Have you the same cook you had when I was here in the spring?"

"Not by seventeen."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

"Wouldn't you rather have a lighter cuirass?" suggested the master-of-arms.

"No, I always feel better with a man's armor round me," archly admitted the maid of Orleans.—*Yale Record.*

ENORMOUSLY
The Largest SALE
Egyptian



ARABS
Cigarettes
CORK TIPS OR PLAIN 15c
SURBRUG COMPANY, Makers

Teacher—"What is velocity, Johnny?"

Johnny—"Velocity is what a feller lets go of a bumblebee with."

I Can Sell Your Real Estate no matter where it is. Send description, state price and learn how. Est. '96. Highest references Offices in 14 cities. **W. M. Ostrander,** 1785, N. A. Bldg., Philadelphia

FOR MEN OF BRAINS
Cortez CIGARS
-MADE AT KEY WEST-

These Cigars are manufactured under the most favorable climatic conditions and from the mildest blends of Havana tobacco. If we had to pay the imported cigar tax our brands would cost double the money. Send for booklet and particulars.

CORTEZ CIGAR CO., KEY WEST.

The only PURE and CORRECT ARTIFICIAL MINERAL WATERS sold in America to-day.
CARBONIC, ARTIFICIAL VICHY, SELTERS, CLUB SODA, Etc., are also put up in bottles for out of town delivery, and can be sent by freight or express to any part of the United States. Orders to
CARL H. SCHULTZ,
Tel. 142 Madison Sq. 430-444 First Ave., N. Y.

BEST FOR THE BOWELS

If you haven't a regular, healthy movement of the bowels every day, you're ill or will be. Keep your bowels open, and be well. Force, in the shape of violent physic or pill poison, is dangerous. The smoothest, easiest, most perfect way of keeping the bowels clear and clean is to take

CANDY CATHARTIC
Cascarets
THEY WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP

EAT 'EM LIKE CANDY
Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good. Do Good. Never Sicken, Weaken or Gripe; 10, 25 and 50 cents per box. Write for free sample, and booklet on health. Address 433
Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago or New York.

KEEP YOUR BLOOD CLEAN

FOR GOUT & RHEUMATISM
Use the Great English Remedy
BLAIR'S PILLS
Safe, Sure, Effective. 50c. & $1.
DRUGGISTS, or 294 William St., N. Y.

OPIUM and Liquor Habit Cured without inconvenience or detention from business. Write THE DR. J. L. STEPHENS CO., Dept. I. 2, Lebanon, Ohio.

"The Broadaxe troupe is killing 'em on the Rochester circuit. Open time from October 31st, 1902, to November 26th, 1904. Managers write quick.

At Liberty. Hank Bustem. Safe-blowing specialty. One-night stands only. Write care of warden, Sing Sing. Open time after November 15th.

Wanted—One leading heavy who can double on bass drum. No knockers need apply. Also a contortionist. If he can make good he need not double in brass. Address Bludhownde, Uncle Tom Company, Spikeville, Conn., en route.

Managers! Telegraph for open time of our great refined murder act. Also do a polite street-car sketch which is the most novel and unusual turn ever offered. Otto Mobile and Motor Mann, care Snipper.

John L. Sullivan in Monologue! The last of the great prize-fighters to begin talking! Everybody laughs at his jokes. They've got to. See?—*Baltimore American.*

"So," remarked Miss Cayenne, "you think of marrying that man to reform him?"

"I suppose you don't think well of the idea?" said the earnest young woman.

"I can't say that I do. The chances are that you won't succeed in reforming him. And if you do succeed he will probably cease to be interesting."—*Washington Star.*

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER

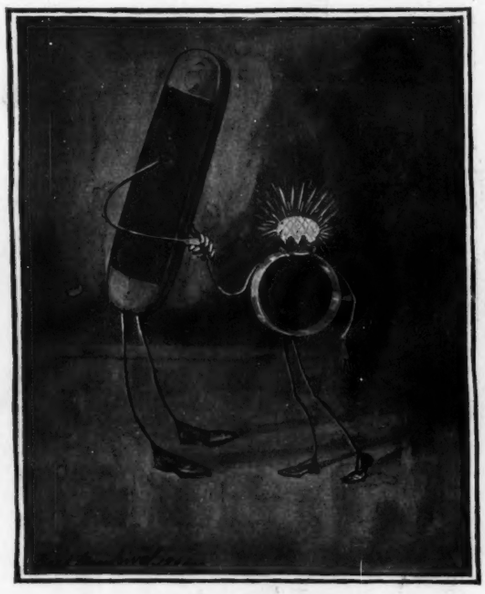
Has for Thirty Years been Recognized by the Medical Profession as an Invaluable Remedy in Bright's Disease, Albuminuria of Pregnancy, Renal Calculi, Gout, Rheumatism and all Diseases Dependent upon a Uric Acid Diathesis. Time adds to the Voluminous Testimony of Leading Clinical Observers.

Dr. John V. Shoemaker, M. D., LL. D., *Professor of Materia Medica and Therapeutics in the Medico-Chirurgical College of Philadelphia.* See *Medical Bulletin*, July, 1902. Gives full clinical notes of nine cases of **Albuminuria of Pregnancy** and three cases of **Puerperal Convulsions** in which **BUFFALO LITHIA WATER** was systematically used with gratifying results, and adds: "The habitual use of **BUFFALO LITHIA WATER** by women who are enceinte is a commendable precaution against the occurrence of **Puerperal Convulsions.**"

Dr. Cyrus Edson, A. M., M. D., *Health Commissioner, New York City and State, President Board of Pharmacy, New York City, Examining Physician, Corporation Council, New York City, Etc., writes:* "I have prescribed **BUFFALO LITHIA WATER** with great benefit in **Bright's Disease.**

Medical testimony of the highest order, attesting the value of this water in the other diseases mentioned, mailed to any address. For sale by grocers and druggists generally.

PROPRIETOR BUFFALO LITHIA SPRINGS, VIRGINIA.



OVERHEARD IN A PAWN-SHOP.

DIAMOND RING—"Well, good-bye, old chap! I've been bought for a present, but don't worry—I'll be back in a short time."

The nectar of the gods may have been a myth. Be it so—we still have the whisky of our forefathers — DEWAR'S SCOTCH, a beverage of distilled delight, known and praised by good judges the world over.

Mrs. Kidder (at the theatre)—"Gracious! That villain smokes a lot of cigarettes."

Mr. Kidder—"Oh, well, he don't care. He knows he's got to die in the third act, anyhow."—*Detroit Free Press.*

HENRY LINDENMEYR & SONS
PAPER WAREHOUSE
Nos. 32, 34, and 36 Bleecker Street
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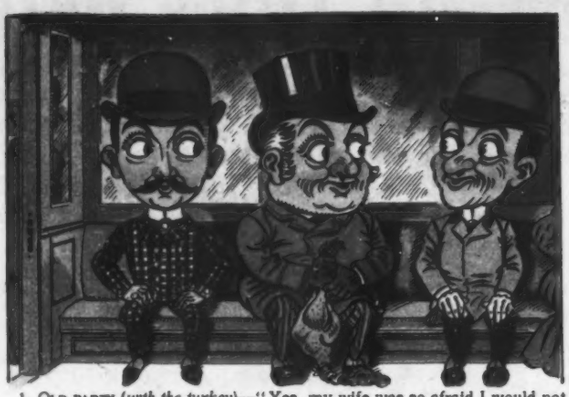

1. Old party (*with the turkey*)—"Yes, my wife was so afraid I would not get my pick of the turkeys that she hurried me off in such haste this morning that I forgot to get my watch I left under my pillow, and I'm living 'way up one hundred and nineteen X street."

2. Mr. Sharpleigh Flash (*the bunco man*)—"I guess my business lays on de outside of de car from now on."

3. Mr. Flash—"Yes, dat one will do. Just wrap it up an' I'll take it wid me."

4. Mr. Flash (*as the servant comes to the door of one hundred and nineteen X street*)—"De boss says as here is de turkey de mistress ordered, an' he says fer her ter give me his watch he left under de pillow dis mornin'."

5. The mistress—"Tell my husband that the turkey was a beauty, and here is the watch. Be careful, for it's a very valuable one."

6. Mr. Flash—"Well, if dis ain't de greatest game I ever worked! I kin git a hundred on it sure."

7. The old party (*arriving home that evening*)—"Well, Mary, here is the turkey. Isn't he a 'bird'? And my watch I left under the pillow—did you put that away carefully?"

8. The mistress—"Turkey? Watch? What are you talking about, John? Why, I gave the watch to the young man you sent up with the turkey this morning!"

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